

The Watauga Democrat.

"THE SUN SHINES BRIGHTEST, AND THE GRASS GROWS GREENEST IN WATAUGA."—MOSES H. CONE.

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MOMENTUM OF THRIFT.

Picturesque powerfulness, as large as your imagination can conceive without stretching it out of proportion—shipsteward, massive, majestic. In your mind watch this ship from the days of first construction, the laying of the keel, the lowering of the enormous beams and plates, the rattle of a thousand riveters, swarms of artists, artisans and mechanics climbing over it like bees over a giant honeycomb, until in your mind's eye you can see the great task completed; a flag bearing the word "security" in golden letters floating at the bow and another emblazoned "Thrift" at the mast-head.

You see this ship at her deck in a great harbor with a towering skyline as a background; a powerful creation of man built to withstand the shocks of all ages. The thundering bass of her whistle sends vibrations through you as the roaring of a volcano and as the huge hulk moves away, slowly, almost imperceptibly, you as a small speck on its wide deck, feel it increasing in motion until it clears into deep water and forces ahead at top speed.

Top speed!
Imagine the inertia!

There are approximately 30,000,000 bondholders in the United States Government. For a large part they are investors who have not been accustomed to saving. The bonds they now hold have been acquired by steady, systematic, conscientious thrift. They have got the habit. They now have something they never had before. They have a stake. In times of sudden stress they have a tangible source of revenue. They have learned how to save and in saving have driven a rivet in that wonderful, massive ship which is now forging ahead at top speed.

Imagine the momentum of this habit of systematic saving?

Think what it will mean to the nation in a few years. It will have a direct bearing on every activity. It will become ingrained as an American principle and it will acquire such headway that you will be unable to get into extravagant, wasteful habits even if you wanted to. The result will be a nation of savers, not only of money but of the things that mean money, and before long we will have erected a monument to thrift that Benjamin Franklin in his most optimistic dreams, never conceived.

In order to make war taught thrift and the practice of saving a permanent and cheerful habit in America, the government is promoting a campaign to encourage wise spending, intelligent saving and safe investment. The powerful force of the 30,000,000 bondholders of the country is behind this movement. The object of this movement is to encourage the public to continue to buy War Saving Stamps and Liberty Bonds to help the government meet its war expenses and at the same time to encourage the establishment of a sound economic program of thrift among the people in order to make the most of the era of prosperity that will follow permanent peace. When thrift is popularized and becomes a happy every day national habit, we will have established a national family stability that will enable us to cope with emergencies or to take advantage of opportunity when it smacks at our door.

Visualize the momentum of this great thrift ship!

What can stop the economic power of a nation of savers 30,000,000 strong?

A War Dog Story.

(Lexington Dispatch.)

During his recent visit to Lexington, Sergt. Grover Cleveland Conrad related the story of an army dog to The Dispatch reporter which was so full of interest that an effort is made herewith to present it:

The dog, Mr. Conrad said, was a medium sized, ordinary looking French cur. He was found by some American soldiers in No Man's Land, wandering around, lonely, hungry and cold, with a broken leg. Not a very promising specimen, but, as "misery loves company," the lonely soldiers pitied the poor little beast and carried him to the first aid station with them where a kind hearted surgeon set the broken leg. He was fed and cared for in a kindly fashion and no dog ever made a greater effort to show his appreciation for a kindness.

He seemed to be naturally adapted to trench life and warfare. Whenever a drive began, he would become as eager and excited as the men were and grow as fierce as a little tiger. He was of great benefit to the soldiers because of the fact that he could, by instinct, detect danger in the air before they were aware of them. One special feature was his unfailing ability for detecting gas. Just as soon as he sniffed the first odor of that deadly poison, he would run to the gas officer and hold up his nose for his own mask. The soldiers all knew it was up to them to use their masks at once. He could also hear the whiz of shells coming through the air before the men could and would immediately stretch, and flatten himself upon the ground, so flat that he was hardly visible to the men around him.

During the terrible two days hand to hand fight at Chateau Thierry, when men were sticking their bayonets into each other, slashing with swords throwing grenades into the faces of each other, scratching, beating and killing, the little dog was in the midst of it all, tearing at the legs of German soldiers, groping and biting like a wild cat. Mr. Conrad said he saw him save one American soldier's life. A German soldier was in the very act of thrusting his bayonet into the man when the little dog sprang at his throat and hung there long enough for the American to make way with the attacking German.

Another accomplishment of this little dog was that of acting as mascot for the soldiers. He could carry important messages in every direction among the trenches, scouts and snipers. During heavy shell fire he would go out to the men at the very front, whenever ordered to go, with important written messages fastened around his neck. He could also locate wounded men after a battle and proved himself of priceless value in that capacity. He was a wonderful record. He was a faithful little dog soldier. The men were all devoted to him and would have fought for him at any time he might have needed their protection.

Mr. Conrad was seriously wounded and taken to a distant hospital. He did not hear from the dog for several months. Just before leaving France for America he happened to meet some men from his own outfit and inquired about him. They reported that he was still on duty at the front and had been decorated with two crosses of honor, one American and one French.

If you are an investor in this great craft you have an interest in the greatest economic organization the world has ever known.

TOM BLAINE BANNER.

Thomas Blaine Banner was born in Elk Park, N. C., on June 10, 1888, and died in a French hospital, somewhere in France, on Dec. 10, 1918. Between these dates there is a period of thirty years and six months. They mark the beginning and the end of the earthly existence of an exceptionally fine Christian character—one that the world could ill afford to lose, especially at a time like this. But we know that God doeth all things well and that some day, when the mists have rolled away, we will be able to understand why certain things happened, which, at the time, seemed almost more than we could bear. A feeling like this probably filled the heart of every one who heard that Tom Banner had died in a hospital in France, and our first impulse was simply to mourn his death. But as those of us who knew him best began to enumerate the many fine traits in his character, another light began to fall across the sadness of his untimely death in a foreign land, and we thanked God, not for his death, but for the useful life he had lived.

Very early in life Mr. Banner began to develop traits of character that showed that he had in him the making of a Christian gentleman. He was fond of children, courteous to women and true to himself, which means that to others he could not be false. He was pleasant and agreeable in business and social functions, which means that his circle of friends was never widening one.

While approaching the years of maturity he united with the Methodist church at Banner Elk and remained a loyal member to the end. At the same time he was an active leader in the Sunday School Christian Endeavor Society and Laymen's Association of a sister church. When he left home to join the army, it was hard to know which church, the Methodist or Presbyterian, felt his loss the most.

In all matters that pertained to law and order and to the moral and civic uplift of the community Mr. Banner could always be counted on the right side, not only so, but he was a man who both leadership and initiative in him. At the first call of the government he responded, and later when he was offered an honorable discharge on account of his health, he refused to accept it.

Before leaving for the camps he wisely fixed up his private business in a way that indicates more than anything I can say, the broad type of Christian patriotism that was in his heart. After providing for his two faithful and devoted aunts and his brother, through insurance policies and personal effects, he devised certain land to be converted into money by his personal representative, and the proceeds therefrom to be paid to the trustees of Rutherford College as an endowment fund; the interest to be applied toward the education of certain young men of Avery County. A few weeks before his death he sent a check through the Y. M. C. A. headquarters for the work at Banner Elk.

No wonder it is then, when we see these rays of beautiful light falling across his sad death that we grieve that he died, but that we rejoice that he was permitted to live, even though it was only for a short space. We believe that the world is better because he lived and that heaven has one more redeemed soul in it because he died.

One by one as the Banner Elk

Tear Down Old Posters. Clear the Track for the Victory Liberty Loan.

Now comes the call to all patriotic citizens to clear the track for action preparatory to the event of the new Victory Loan, by removing from their property all old posters and other patriotic "drives" and "campaigns" which have served their purpose.

The idea is to remove these reminders of past activities so there will be nothing to interfere with the directness of the appeal to be made for the new loan. Thousands of old posters used in various campaigns in the past three months are still visible, tattered and discolored on buildings, in windows and on fences throughout the country. Now is the time to get rid of the old and make way for the new.

Many of the old posters still up contains appeals made by the United War Work campaign which represented the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Knights of Columbus, Jewish Welfare League War Camp Community Service, American Liberty Association, and the Salvation Army. There is no question that these organizations will be glad to have their old posters removed in order that the appeal of the next loan may have a clear track. A few of these old posters were to be seen on commercial bill boards, though these were removed as soon as the campaign was over and the space used for other advertising. There are, however, thousands of posters scattered in various places, and it is the desire of the War Loan Organization that property owners co-operate in removing these as quickly as possible.

Within a short time the posters for the new loan will be issued and be ready for distribution.

Marks of Service.

As the soldiers come back it will be interesting to distinguish the meaning of the various chevrons which they wear upon their sleeves. We subjoin a list:

A single red chevron signifies discharged with honor.

A single blue chevron signifies less than six months' service abroad.

A single gold chevron for each wound received in service is worn on the forearm of the right sleeve.

A single gold chevron for each complete six months' service abroad is worn on the forearm of left sleeve.

A single white chevron for each complete six months' service in the United States is worn on the forearm of left sleeve.

There is generally a mere question of opportunity, not of willingness or ability, between these service marks. Often the man who would gladly have served abroad has been retained in this country simply because he has shown superior ability and therefore was better qualified to instruct others. The man who displays any one of the chevrons above described has done his full duty by his country and is worthy of honor.—Ex.

boys come back from the camps and from overseas, they bring joy and gladness to our hearts; we love to see their ruddy cheeks and to sit at their feet and have them tell us of their experience. But all the while our thoughts keep going across the waters to a little mound in France that marks the sleeping place of one who will never come back. As the moisture gathers over our eyes, we brush it away and say: "Thy will, Oh Lord, be done."

EDGAR TUFTS,

Banner Elk, N. C.

The Sheep's Future.

Now that the dog has been care fully buried underneath an avalanche of rhetoric, it may not be amiss to remember that the mere absence of dogs on the farm does not necessarily mean that sheep will grow and thrive like weeds. As a matter of fact, the rearing of sheep profitably entails a number of very essential elements. In the first place, one must have a pretty good practical idea of sheepology, their habits, their likes and dislikes, their pleasures and their needs. Unlike a goat, a sheep cannot be turned into the thicket and expected to become rolling fat feeding upon cockle-burs and pine needles. He must have grass—and thereby hangs a tale.

A good section of North Carolina has never studied very deeply the science of grassology. Grass on a lot of farms simply happens just like the change of the moon, election day and the measles. It has been demonstrated, however, that North Carolina soil, in most sections of the State, is susceptible to successful growth of many kinds of grasses. Where one kind flourishes in one section, another kind is more suitable to another section. The sheep crops his breakfast close to the ground. If left constantly on one grass plot the sheep will remain, but the grass will not, for he cuts his meals so closely that the burning sun bakes and destroys the grass root.

There is unquestionably money in sheep if the sheep are handled by a man who knows something about the sheep business, and if he first of all provides feed for his sheep out of the soil without running the risk of losing his profits in purchased feed. Too many men have attended livestock meetings, become obsessed with the idea of live stock culture, sunk a lot of money in blooded cattle, then settled down to buying feed for same, with the final result that most of the money moving was settling on the wrong side of the ledger. In the absence of natural grass of a sufficient luxuriance, silos and lagumes stand as becoming sentinels to the prospective livestock breeder. It has been proven that our soil, when properly treated thru a number of years, will produce any sort of forage crop or grass desired, but simply shooting the dogs off the premises will not remove the last obstacle from the path to wealth thru sheep.

The dog law is all right, no doubt. It is true that for many years worthless dogs have made savage ravages upon the flocks of sheep in the state, and immense loss has been sustained. Curbing or destroying the worthless hound is a measure of patent good sense.

And yet it is well enough to remember that the dog family, like the human family, is divided into two classes—good dogs and bad dogs.

A sorry man has often been honored by the friendship of a good dog, and many times, too, a sorry dog has been protected by a good man.

Instead of going blindfolded into the extermination of the canine family, good, bad and indifferent it is well enough to strike a sensible medium and throw about the worthy dog such protection as he needs, while at the same time making the world safe from the pestilence of the worthless cur. Although the writer has not studied the final bill, it is presumed from a general review that the sheep has been left on the map, while "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" re-

To the Farmers of Watauga County.

Now that we have the railroad to Boone, so that products, different kinds of amusements etc. may be brought in, a real county fair is the next and most important thing for us.

We have been classed as "back numbers", "po' mountain whites" and such long enough. Let's wake up! We raise the finest cattle, horses, sheep and hogs of any county in the state. Our women are noted for their splendid handwork. In the pastry line they have the world beaten. Let's give them a chance to show what they can do.

I want to help organize each township so that we may begin at once to arrange to grow something for the Watauga County Fair.

If interested write me at once to Boone, N. C. and I will try to help get things in line.

Yours truly,

W. L. WINKLER.

Boone, N. C.

Thomas C. Presnell.

Brother T. C. Presnell who has passed to his reward, was born May 25, 1859, and died Aug. 10, 1918, aged 59 years, 2 months and 15 days. He professed faith in Christ and joined the Baptist Church in May 1885, and for 33 years he honored that profession trying to follow in the footsteps of his Lord and Master, and although the Church sustains a loss, no doubt her loss is his eternal gain, and in his last sickness he was very patient and much resigned to the will of the Master, and when the end came he seemed to have no dread, but passed over the river in the full triumph of a living faith and passed into the Paradise of God to rest till the great judgment day. And may we all like Bro. Presnell be prepared to meet death when it comes.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from hence forth; yea sayeth the spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Respectfully submitted.

L. M. TRIVETT, Com.

Danford Spaulding.

Saturday, Feb. 1, 1919, the Death Angel visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Spaulding and claimed their little daughter, Danford, who was one of the brightest and most loyal members of our little society, "Busy Bees." She was loved by all who knew her. Her public school and Sunday School teacher speaks of her as an ideal little pupil. It was her delight to show kindness to her friends. She was a bright Christian and a faithful attendant at Sunday school. Danford was ten years of age.

We extend our deepest sympathy to the family and loved ones.

MRS. STEDMAN, for
"THE BUSY BEES."

(Spurgeon.)

The objects of our care are not far to seek. They are at our gates; widows worn down with labor; a brave man fighting a desperate but losing game with fate; children of poverty neglected, surrounded by temptation.

maineth still to the dog whose habits are good and whose reputation is immaculate.

By all means let's grow more sheep, but not venture into the sheep business with our eyes shut to everything but the yelping phantom of the worthless hound.—Charlotte Observer.